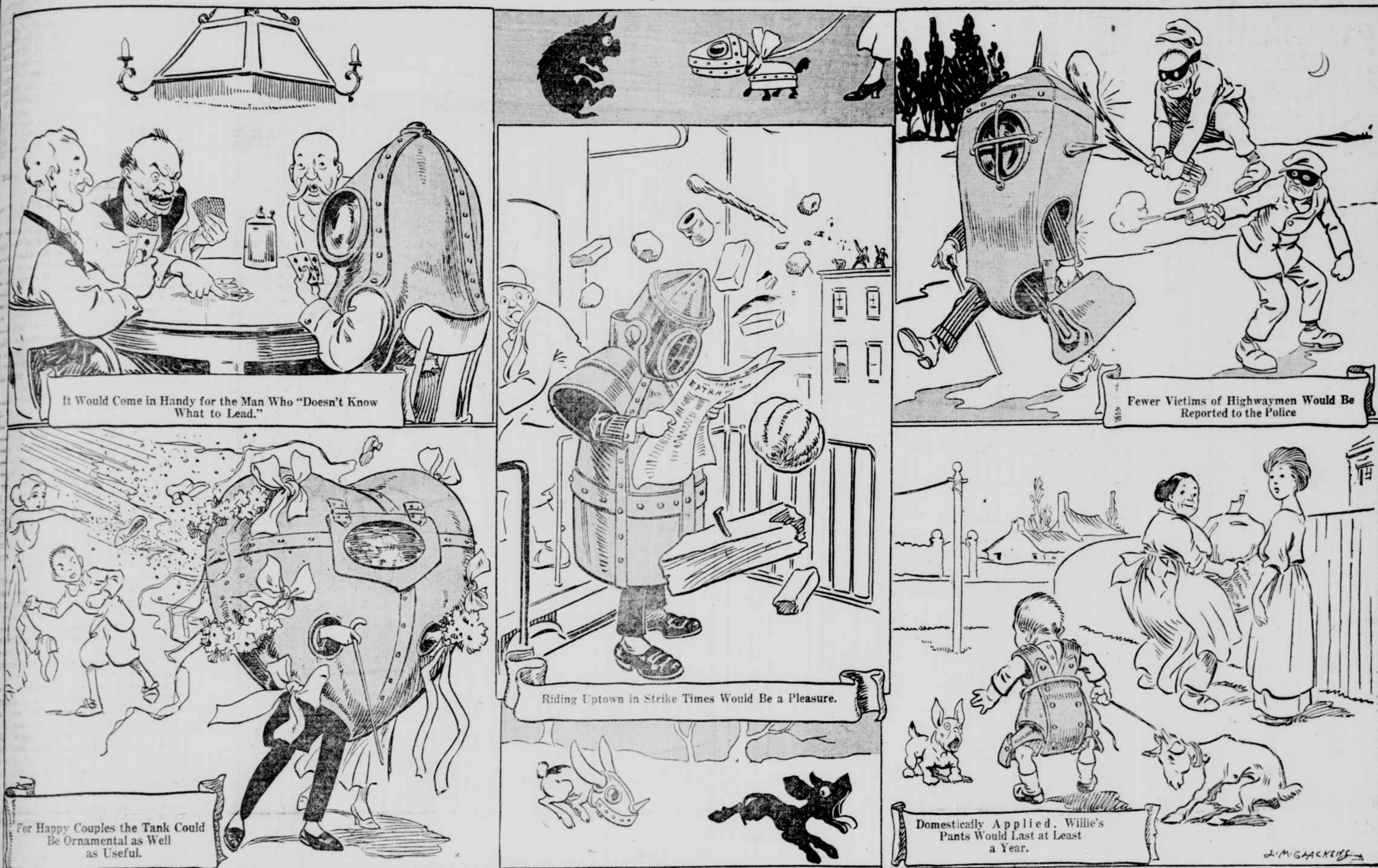


That New Engine of Warfare, the British Tank, Has Huge Possibilities

Drawn by L. M. GLACKENS



PERISHABLE BOOKS

(By Courtesy of The New Republic.)

even Americans will see that our turn from admiration of the Japanese to suspicion is not a product of new learning about race psychology but the result of political and economic friction in California and in China.

There will be utterances of sedentary people who enjoyed the war, who found that it improved their character, gave them purpose in life, zest in existence and sound sleep at night. The world will not laugh at these books. It will put them on the shelf beside the works of the Marquis de Sade. Nor will it deal more gently with those arguments which showed that Bernhardi was not alone in believing that war is a

holy thing, and the only way of curing the ills of peace. Europe, counting its dead, its maimed, its shattered, and its bastards, suffering under the poverty of exhaustion, will say that of all the false prophets these are the most damned.

Then there will be a literature produced by American neutrals, books which celebrate a Germany that does not exist on land or sea and books which are more pro-Ally than the Allies. There will be articles by American professors, one or two of them at Harvard, perhaps, which will read like the words of a British duchess at a garden party for the benefit

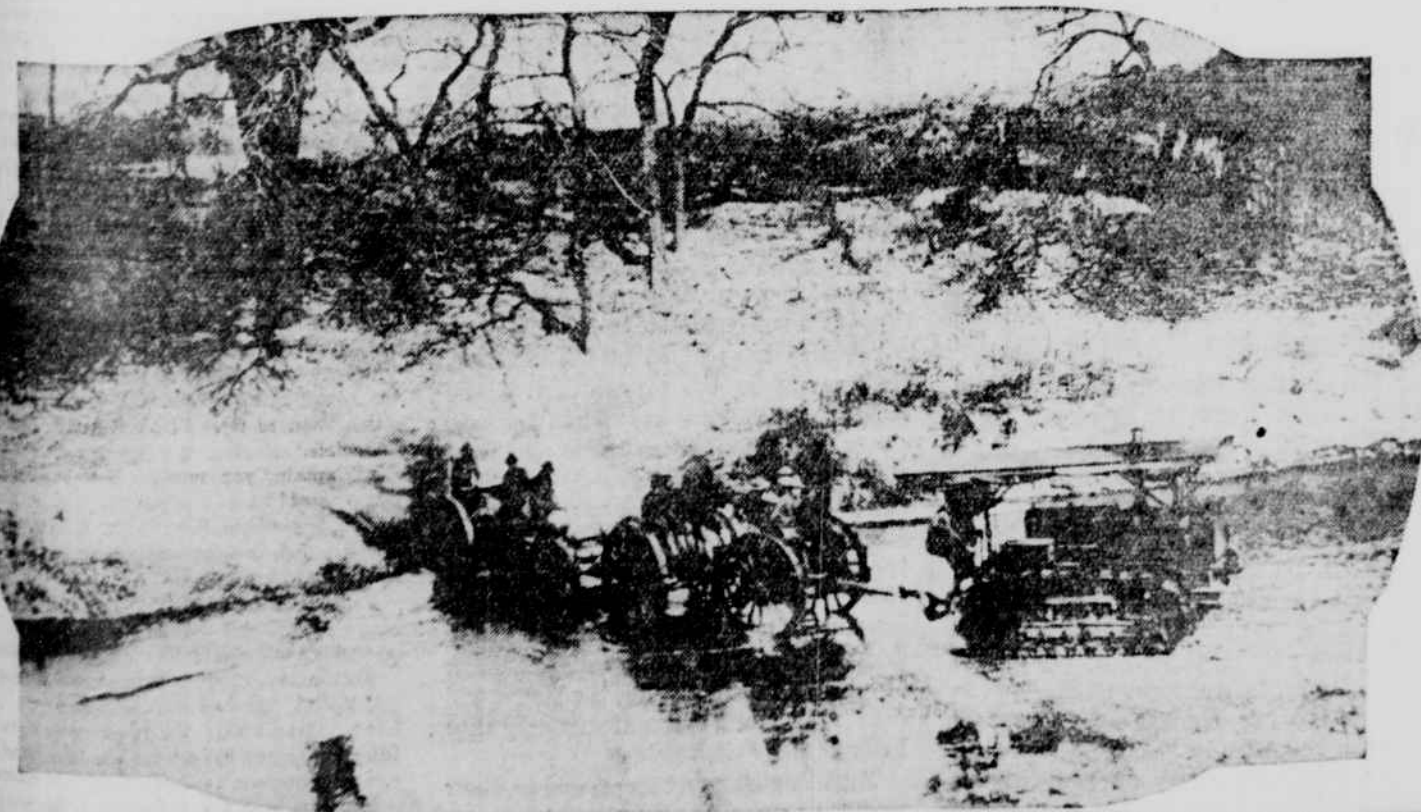
of Belgian refugees. There will be books, published serially in reputable magazines, read and discussed solemnly at dinner tables, which showed that six months after the end of the war the German army would be put on transports and, accompanied by the fleet, would sail for New York and steal our gold deposits. Even now those books seem a little dusty.

On the whole, the world will prefer to forget these books. What will it care to remember? That to the outer world France was silent and steady and that no hysterical whine was uttered; that the common people of all the nations, not understanding the diplomacy which made the war, struggled for what they believed to be a disinterested cause; that the British soldier fought with humorous contempt and preserved in the trenches a large measure of that kindly humanity and unpretentious gal-

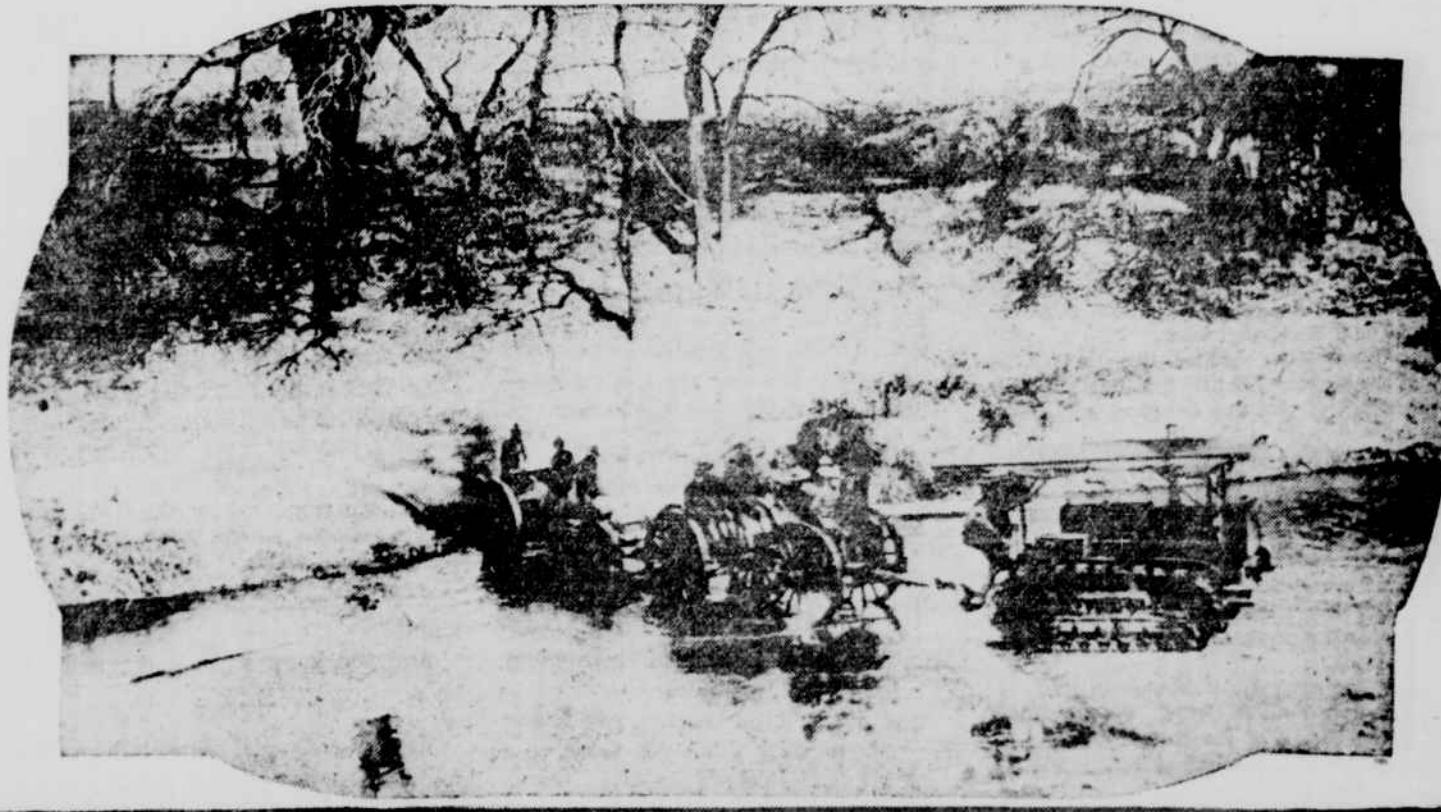
lantry which are the badge of his courage.

And then the world will like to remember the men who, like Lincoln, never said a bitter or foolish thing, the men whose eyes were fixed on the deeper truth that, however wrong one belligerent might be, the greatest wrong was the organized anarchy which had permitted it to be. The men who stood out against the herd, who could see through the sins of their own people, will be the moral heroes of the war. Those few men in each nation who spoke for Europe who had enough iron in their souls to withstand hatred and illusion will grow in the world's estimation. Englishmen to-day can appreciate Harden and Liebknecht and Bernstein; they will learn to appreciate Shaw, and Lowes Dickinson, and Bertrand Russell and Norman Angell and Bryce. There is no surer prophecy than that peace will bring a revaluation.

East Is East, and West Is West, and Sometimes the Twain Shall Meet



SOMEWHERE IN OKLAHOMA OR SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA.



SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA OR SOMEWHERE IN OKLAHOMA.

FEW years ago the American Press Association took a picture of some tests that were being made of a new government tractor at Fort Sill, Okla. Prints of the picture were sent to various European countries. One is shown above.

The other picture came to New York newspapers recently from one of the largest news agencies in England, labelled as follows: "An army 'caterpillar' dragging a heavy gun over some rough country 'somewhere in Africa.' The lack of roads and a deep stream present no difficulties to the monster."

Evidently the lack of authentic war pictures presents no difficulties to the English agency. American pictures can always be substituted so long as the uniforms of the British colonial trooper and the American infantryman resemble each other, and so long as Oklahoma scenery will pass for "somewhere in Africa."